

Housetrained

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Summary: A little piece of everyday life...

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> "- Bess, I swear! There was something LIVING down there!" Morgan followed on Bess' heels, trying to win her sympathy for the nasty experience he'd just had. Bess just gave an overbearing sigh, and carried on with her chores. "- You should have SEEN it! It was grose! Like rotting green, with tentackles and..." He bumped into Bess for the N'th time, as she suddenly turned to place some dish-towels in their drawer. Bess took a firm grip on her husbands wrist, and dragged him over to a kitchen-chair, setting him down just with a look. <br>"- If you had cleaned it more often, you wouldn't have to deal with such nasties!" She chided, a little more than tired of his whining.

>"- And leaving your less desireable chores hoping I'll do them for you, just won't work, as you just found out. Right?" Morgan gave his best puppy-look, looking ever so miserable, as he watched Bess put away the dinner dishes. <br>"- Bess, you KNOW I'd do anything for you..." He stottered: "- I'm just not used to this kind of living!" He made a gesture, encompassing their surroundings.

>"- Well, you better START getting used to it, Morgan Martin. And now's as good a time as any to get it done!" Bess smiled her sweetest smile, and handed him the brush quite briskly. "- And don't show yourself in here before you're through!" Morgan backed slowly towards the door, looking like he was going to get sick, holding the wery outermost tip of the brush-handle with two fingers at an arms-length distance from him. "- Bess..." He moaned: "- I'll do ANYTHING but this! Please? If you'd seen what's down there..." <br>"- I HAVE, thank you!" Bess just gave him that look again, and Morgan knew arguing was futile.

>\*- God help us all if SHE ever became a lawyer!\* He thought. <br>

> Bending over his work again, he tried not to look. What WAS those floating, greenish gossamers? Fungus? Moss? Algae? Something worse,

most certainly! He tried his best not to retch, and flushed the bowl. Bess could argue a hole in a rock when it came down to something SHE didn't want to do, and she made it look like it was HIS responsibility to do it... Morgan pouted, and wiped the seat clean. "- I'd see YOU do this!" He muttered, slapping the rag back into the bucket. <br>"- I't always MY turn to clean the toilet. - Wait a minute." He streightened his back. "- When it's my turn to clean the toilet, it's Bess' turn to clean the shower! And that means the drain too..." All of a sudden, Morgan felt sooo much better. "- There IS justice, after all..." He grinned.

> <br> "- ...and now's as good a time as any to get it done, while we're having a 'wash-day' anyway." Morgan finnished, using Bess' own words. He could clearly see how she was desperately trying to think of an excuse he would buy. He smiled his sweetest smile at her, waiting her respons.

>"- Morgan, I..." She began, lost for words for once. <br>"- You don't wanna do it 'cause it's grose?" He said sweetly. "- That's no excuse. It must be done! Big, 'hairy things' in the drain or not! Be brave, girl!" He patted her shoulder, pushing her gently towards the door: "- I'll make you a nice cup of tea when you're done."

>He got himself buissy with the tea-water, just so she shouldn't se he was shaking with supressed laughter. Poor Bess. Her face had turned quite green at the thought of those hairy things down the drain. Yes, sharing houshold chores wasn't so bad after all, com to think of it. Every down had it's up... <br>He nibbled on one of Bess' delicious butter-cookies, and sat back on his chair while he waited for the tea-water to boil...

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